





## THE REPORTER WHO MADE HIMSELF KING.

Search for a place to Write Novels Brings Strange Adventures.  
BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.  
author of "Gallerie," "My Disreputable Friend," "Mr. Raegan," and "Many Popular Stories and Poems."

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Albert Gordon, after being for three years a reporter in New York, goes to Opeki as secretary to Capt. Travis, United States consul. Travis is disgusted upon arriving at the almost inaccessible island to find that only three men—Stedman and the two Hillmen, the latter being rawways from a British man-of-war. He leaves the same night in the schooner chartered to take them to the island, and Gordon, on waking up, finds a letter from Travis appoints him consul to Opeki. Gordon immediately begins to make preparations to determine upon a programme of improvements for Opeki, with which the king is delighted. But their plans are interrupted by the news that Messenwah, king of the Hillmen, is on one of his quarterly raids against Opeki.

## PART III.

OUTSIDE the women were gathered with the children about them, and the men were running from hut to hut, warning their fellows and arming themselves with spears and swords and the native bows and arrows.

"They might have been an army, but had that army trained," said Gordon, in a tone of the keenest displeasure. "Tell me, quick, what do they generally do when they come?"

"Steal all the cattle and goats and some women, and set fire to the huts in the outskirts," replied Stedman.

"Well, we must stop them," said Gordon, firmly. "We must take out a flag of truce and treat with them. They must be kept off until I have my army in working order. Tell the king we are going out to fix things with them, and tell him to call off his warriors until he learns whether we succeed or fail."

"But, Gordon," gasped Stedman, "you don't understand. Why, man, this isn't a street fight or a canes run. They'll stick to you from the inside, once on your body, and you, maybe, a flag of truce—you're talking nonsense. What do they know of a flag of truce?"

"You're talking nonsense, too," said Albert, "and you are talking to your superior officer. If you are not in this with me, go back to your cable and tell the man in Oceania that it's a warm day and the sun is shining; but if you're any sporting blood in you, go to the office and talk to the office and get my Winchester rifles and the two shotguns and my revolvers and my uniform and a lot of brass things for presents, and run all the way there and back. And make time. Imagine you're riding a bicycle at the agricultural fair."

Stedman did not hear this last, for he was already off and away, pushing through the crowd and calling on Bradley, Sr., to follow him.

Albert met Stedman in the plaza and pulled off his blazer and put on Capt. Travis, now his uniform coat, and his pith helmet.

"Well, Jack," he said, "get up there and tell these people that we are going out to make peace with those Hillmen, or bring them back prisoners of war. Give it to them!"

Stedman's speech was hot and wild enough to suit the most critical and feverish audience before a barricade in Paris. And when he had finished, Gordon and Bradley punctured his oration by firing off the two Winchester rifles in the air, at which the people jumped and clapped their hands to their sides.

The fighting men of the village followed the four men to the outskirts and took up their stand there as Stedman told them to,

to be trying to make them approach more slowly.

"Is that Messenwah?" asked Gordon. "Yes," said Albert. "He means to keep the white man before him."

"Stedman," said Albert, speaking quickly, "give your gun to Bradley, and go forward with the swordfish. I will go with the Hillmen and the two rawways, the latter being rawways from a British man-of-war."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

The Hillmen had seated themselves a hundred yards off while the leaders were barking and they now rose curiously and were on the watch. Stedman had come and covered the goat while he gave it a long start. When it was about 150 yards off he fired and the goat ran over.

And Stedman, with the King himself, broke away on the run toward the dead animal with much shouting and yelling, and the Hillmen, looking about, leaving his people standing about and examining the goat.

He was much excited, and talked and gestured violently.

"Well, what does he say?" cried Gordon, in a great state of nerves. "Don't keep it all to yourself."

"He says," said Stedman, "that we are deceived. He is no longer king of the island of Opeki, that he is in great fear of us and that we made him a slave to us, we do, we know, his means, and to whom he sold the kingdom for a watch that he has in the bag around his neck. He says that he is a helpless man; that to us he is as helpless as the wild boar before the javelin of the hunter."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

But that what we ask is no longer his to give. He has sold his kingship and his right to this island to another king, who came to him two days ago and gave him a white handkerchief, and tell them in their language that the king is coming. If they go to Opeki, he will be there."

"That's just it," said Stedman. "That's what he's scared about. He said he didn't care about Olypphus and didn't count him in when he made the treaty because he had such a peaceful chap that he knew he could

not do him any harm."

"What does he mean?" said Gordon. "How can he give up the island? Olypphus is the King of half of it anyway, and he knows it."

"It's this another of my secretary's duties," said Stedman, "but a resignation

is to be trying to make them approach more slowly.

"Is that Messenwah?" asked Gordon. "Yes," said Albert. "He means to keep the white man before him."

"Stedman," said Albert, speaking quickly, "give your gun to Bradley, and go forward with the swordfish. I will go with the Hillmen and the two rawways, the latter being rawways from a British man-of-war."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

The Hillmen had seated themselves a hundred yards off while the leaders were barking and they now rose curiously and were on the watch. Stedman had come and covered the goat while he gave it a long start. When it was about 150 yards off he fired and the goat ran over.

And Stedman, with the King himself, broke away on the run toward the dead animal with much shouting and yelling, and the Hillmen, looking about, leaving his people standing about and examining the goat.

He was much excited, and talked and gestured violently.

"Well, what does he say?" cried Gordon, in a great state of nerves. "Don't keep it all to yourself."

"He says," said Stedman, "that we are deceived. He is no longer king of the island of Opeki, that he is in great fear of us and that we made him a slave to us, we do, we know, his means, and to whom he sold the kingdom for a watch that he has in the bag around his neck. He says that he is a helpless man; that to us he is as helpless as the wild boar before the javelin of the hunter."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

But that what we ask is no longer his to give. He has sold his kingship and his right to this island to another king, who came to him two days ago and gave him a white handkerchief, and tell them in their language that the king is coming. If they go to Opeki, he will be there."

"That's just it," said Stedman. "That's what he's scared about. He said he didn't care about Olypphus and didn't count him in when he made the treaty because he had such a peaceful chap that he knew he could

not do him any harm."

"What does he mean?" said Gordon. "How can he give up the island? Olypphus is the King of half of it anyway, and he knows it."

"It's this another of my secretary's duties," said Stedman, "but a resignation

is to be trying to make them approach more slowly.

"Is that Messenwah?" asked Gordon. "Yes," said Albert. "He means to keep the white man before him."

"Stedman," said Albert, speaking quickly, "give your gun to Bradley, and go forward with the swordfish. I will go with the Hillmen and the two rawways, the latter being rawways from a British man-of-war."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

The Hillmen had seated themselves a hundred yards off while the leaders were barking and they now rose curiously and were on the watch. Stedman had come and covered the goat while he gave it a long start. When it was about 150 yards off he fired and the goat ran over.

And Stedman, with the King himself, broke away on the run toward the dead animal with much shouting and yelling, and the Hillmen, looking about, leaving his people standing about and examining the goat.

He was much excited, and talked and gestured violently.

"Well, what does he say?" cried Gordon, in a great state of nerves. "Don't keep it all to yourself."

"He says," said Stedman, "that we are deceived. He is no longer king of the island of Opeki, that he is in great fear of us and that we made him a slave to us, we do, we know, his means, and to whom he sold the kingdom for a watch that he has in the bag around his neck. He says that he is a helpless man; that to us he is as helpless as the wild boar before the javelin of the hunter."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

But that what we ask is no longer his to give. He has sold his kingship and his right to this island to another king, who came to him two days ago and gave him a white handkerchief, and tell them in their language that the king is coming. If they go to Opeki, he will be there."

"That's just it," said Stedman. "That's what he's scared about. He said he didn't care about Olypphus and didn't count him in when he made the treaty because he had such a peaceful chap that he knew he could

not do him any harm."

"What does he mean?" said Gordon. "How can he give up the island? Olypphus is the King of half of it anyway, and he knows it."

"It's this another of my secretary's duties," said Stedman, "but a resignation

is to be trying to make them approach more slowly.

"Is that Messenwah?" asked Gordon. "Yes," said Albert. "He means to keep the white man before him."

"Stedman," said Albert, speaking quickly, "give your gun to Bradley, and go forward with the swordfish. I will go with the Hillmen and the two rawways, the latter being rawways from a British man-of-war."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

The Hillmen had seated themselves a hundred yards off while the leaders were barking and they now rose curiously and were on the watch. Stedman had come and covered the goat while he gave it a long start. When it was about 150 yards off he fired and the goat ran over.

And Stedman, with the King himself, broke away on the run toward the dead animal with much shouting and yelling, and the Hillmen, looking about, leaving his people standing about and examining the goat.

He was much excited, and talked and gestured violently.

"Well, what does he say?" cried Gordon, in a great state of nerves. "Don't keep it all to yourself."

"He says," said Stedman, "that we are deceived. He is no longer king of the island of Opeki, that he is in great fear of us and that we made him a slave to us, we do, we know, his means, and to whom he sold the kingdom for a watch that he has in the bag around his neck. He says that he is a helpless man; that to us he is as helpless as the wild boar before the javelin of the hunter."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

But that what we ask is no longer his to give. He has sold his kingship and his right to this island to another king, who came to him two days ago and gave him a white handkerchief, and tell them in their language that the king is coming. If they go to Opeki, he will be there."

"That's just it," said Stedman. "That's what he's scared about. He said he didn't care about Olypphus and didn't count him in when he made the treaty because he had such a peaceful chap that he knew he could

not do him any harm."

"What does he mean?" said Gordon. "How can he give up the island? Olypphus is the King of half of it anyway, and he knows it."

"It's this another of my secretary's duties," said Stedman, "but a resignation

is to be trying to make them approach more slowly.

"Is that Messenwah?" asked Gordon. "Yes," said Albert. "He means to keep the white man before him."

"Stedman," said Albert, speaking quickly, "give your gun to Bradley, and go forward with the swordfish. I will go with the Hillmen and the two rawways, the latter being rawways from a British man-of-war."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

The Hillmen had seated themselves a hundred yards off while the leaders were barking and they now rose curiously and were on the watch. Stedman had come and covered the goat while he gave it a long start. When it was about 150 yards off he fired and the goat ran over.

And Stedman, with the King himself, broke away on the run toward the dead animal with much shouting and yelling, and the Hillmen, looking about, leaving his people standing about and examining the goat.

He was much excited, and talked and gestured violently.

"Well, what does he say?" cried Gordon, in a great state of nerves. "Don't keep it all to yourself."

"He says," said Stedman, "that we are deceived. He is no longer king of the island of Opeki, that he is in great fear of us and that we made him a slave to us, we do, we know, his means, and to whom he sold the kingdom for a watch that he has in the bag around his neck. He says that he is a helpless man; that to us he is as helpless as the wild boar before the javelin of the hunter."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

But that what we ask is no longer his to give. He has sold his kingship and his right to this island to another king, who came to him two days ago and gave him a white handkerchief, and tell them in their language that the king is coming. If they go to Opeki, he will be there."

"That's just it," said Stedman. "That's what he's scared about. He said he didn't care about Olypphus and didn't count him in when he made the treaty because he had such a peaceful chap that he knew he could

not do him any harm."

"What does he mean?" said Gordon. "How can he give up the island? Olypphus is the King of half of it anyway, and he knows it."

"It's this another of my secretary's duties," said Stedman, "but a resignation

is to be trying to make them approach more slowly.

"Is that Messenwah?" asked Gordon. "Yes," said Albert. "He means to keep the white man before him."

"Stedman," said Albert, speaking quickly, "give your gun to Bradley, and go forward with the swordfish. I will go with the Hillmen and the two rawways, the latter being rawways from a British man-of-war."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

The Hillmen had seated themselves a hundred yards off while the leaders were barking and they now rose curiously and were on the watch. Stedman had come and covered the goat while he gave it a long start. When it was about 150 yards off he fired and the goat ran over.

And Stedman, with the King himself, broke away on the run toward the dead animal with much shouting and yelling, and the Hillmen, looking about, leaving his people standing about and examining the goat.

He was much excited, and talked and gestured violently.

"Well, what does he say?" cried Gordon, in a great state of nerves. "Don't keep it all to yourself."

"He says," said Stedman, "that we are deceived. He is no longer king of the island of Opeki, that he is in great fear of us and that we made him a slave to us, we do, we know, his means, and to whom he sold the kingdom for a watch that he has in the bag around his neck. He says that he is a helpless man; that to us he is as helpless as the wild boar before the javelin of the hunter."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

But that what we ask is no longer his to give. He has sold his kingship and his right to this island to another king, who came to him two days ago and gave him a white handkerchief, and tell them in their language that the king is coming. If they go to Opeki, he will be there."

"That's just it," said Stedman. "That's what he's scared about. He said he didn't care about Olypphus and didn't count him in when he made the treaty because he had such a peaceful chap that he knew he could

not do him any harm."

"What does he mean?" said Gordon. "How can he give up the island? Olypphus is the King of half of it anyway, and he knows it."

"It's this another of my secretary's duties," said Stedman, "but a resignation

is to be trying to make them approach more slowly.



## Do You Sing or Play?

If You Do, You Will Be Interested in Reading What Follows:

The Saalfield Library of Vocal Music and the Saalfield Library of Instrumental Music are new publications by the GLOBE MUSICAL SUPPLY DEPOT, that every lover of music should be interested in. Two numbers are issued every month, one vocal and the other instrumental. Each number contains sixteen pages of the best and latest music, and from three to six pieces worth at ordinary retail price from 40 to 75 cts. each.

Remember that this is not old, stale reprints of musical back numbers, but a collection of the latest and most popular pieces of modern composers in this country and abroad.

The libraries are handsomely printed on heavy paper of the ordinary sheet music size, and are without doubt the cheapest music ever published.

The WEEKLY GLOBE OFFERS to any GLOBE SUBSCRIBER a subscription (twelve months) to either the Vocal or Instrumental Library for \$1.00.

As a special inducement, this will include two three months' subscriptions, or one six months' subscription to the Weekly Globe, sent to any address that the subscriber may indicate. You may thus pay a pretty compliment to a couple of friends, and at the same time get your money's worth ten times over. You will also receive a certificate empowering you to order from a catalogue of thousands (also furnished) any piece of music for nine cents.

This also includes postage Ordinary miscellaneous sheet music, not in the special catalogue, can be ordered at half the regular price.

GLOBE SUBSCRIBERS will be prompt to recognize in the above not an advertisement of uncertain character, but one of our own premium offers, which may be accepted with confidence.

In ordering be sure to state plainly whether you wish the Vocal or Instrumental Library.

Address all orders to THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

## WALL PAPER GIVEN AWAY.

The Globe Protects Its Subscribers from Another Trust, and Helps Them to Beautify Their Homes.

It is not necessary to buy costly stuffs with laboriously worked designs, or to frame, or to paint the bare walls of a room in order to make them pleasing to yourself and your friends. Art has expanded so much thought and skill upon wall paper, and secured such rich effects that you can cover bare walls with paper and make them vie with the most expensively decorated ones of your neighbor in artistic value and attractiveness.

And you can buy wall paper of *The Globe* at a price so low that there is no longer any reason for having the walls of any room unfurnished.

You can receive samples from which to select a desirable pattern, and order from the pattern, without the trouble and expense of a journey out of town.

These wall papers are put up in three bundles only, and include enough yards to paper a room that does not have any doors or windows in it, and there will be no deviation from the following sizes:

No. 1 contains enough paper to furnish a room 11x12, or 320 square feet in all. This is the ordinary small room.

No. 2 will paper a medium-sized room of 14x12, or 450 square feet.

No. 3 will paper a large room of 18x14x9, or 576 square feet.

Prices as follows:

No. 1, \$1.75.

No. 2, \$2.25.

No. 3, \$2.75.

The prices include a border nine inches deep. The paper will be sent by express, the charges to be paid by the purchaser, but orders of \$25 and upward will be sent free to any rail way station in the United States. By getting up a club to buy wall paper you can take advantage of this, and save express charges.

With each order will be sent complete and explicit instructions, enabling any one to prepare the wall, make the paste and hang the paper as well as any workman can do it.

No orders will be received unless the subscriber has sent for samples and selected a pattern, or patterns. To receive samples every subscriber must send 5 cents to pay postage on samples.

Address THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

## Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1891.

## Globe Pocket Calendar.

* AUGUST * 1891 *						
Su.	M.	T.	W.	Th.	F.	S.
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The DAILY GLOBE—One copy per month, 50 cents per year, \$6.00. Postage prepaid.

The SUNDAY GLOBE—By mail, \$2 per year.

The WEEKLY GLOBE—By mail, \$1.00 per year.

The GLOBE NEWS-LETTER Co., 242 Washington Street, Boston. Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.

## HARVEST LESSON FOR THE WORLD.

Often times, and perhaps we may say generally, an idea or a principle is contained in an event or an experience so that it is impressed upon the minds of a whole people as it never could be done abstractly and with unceasing iteration. At any rate, ideas are contained in events, and it is the impending event of a threatened European famine that may yet precipitate the increasing ferment in the minds of the masses in the positive form of revolt, with a view to political reorganization.

The special providence of the matter is to be seen, as we of the United States cannot but prefer to believe, in the fact that relief for their want is to come only from those of our country, whose institutions are wholly those of self-government and self-restraining freedom.

These are the institutions of which the hereditary rulers have assiduously kept them in ignorance. The very most they have heard of us is by private report, and then only to the effect that here alone they are free to earn a living by labor.

Gradually the light has dawned on them that other and larger opportunities are also open to them here. And now, when actual hunger threatens to overtake them, and it cannot be concealed that it is free America that sustains their existence, with the food they consume they will gratefully swallow our century-tried maxims of popular liberty and free government, and silently decide that progressive Republicanism is the system with which to supplant repressive military monarchy.

All through the wheat areas the speculators have erected great elevators. These

everybody rejoices at the good luck of the Western farmers this year. They have gathered in phenomenally big wheat and grain crops. It is a long-awaited relief after years of disastrous experience caused by bad weather and other adverse agencies.

But now comes the big fight of the farmers to save the profits of their crops from the greedy clutches of elevator proprietors, cunning middlemen and transportation extortions.

The fight has already begun in North Dakota. The yield in that State is enormous, amounting to 51,000,000 bushels. Taking out 5,000,000 bushels, which must be held for next year's seed, there remain 46,000,000 bushels for sale this year, averaging about 80,000 railroad cars to move it to market.

At the same time, the wheat areas that other and larger opportunities are also open to them here. And now, when actual hunger threatens to overtake them, and it cannot be concealed that it is free America that sustains their existence, with the food they consume they will gratefully swallow our century-tried maxims of popular liberty and free government, and silently decide that progressive Republicanism is the system with which to supplant repressive military monarchy.

Thus will the lesson be taught as events never combined to teach it before, that as this free republic is capable of feeding not only its own people, but the needy world beside, so is it best capable of maintaining social order and domestic content, and through honest industry of establishing a commonwealth of peaceful prosperity.

Who can presume to say that a lesson of such moment to the human race is not on the eve of being taught by the withholding of its accustomed harvest from populous Europe, and the generous supply of its own deficiency from the teeming fields and bursting granaries of republican America?

PROSPECTIVE SCENES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The world's fair at Chicago will afford a singular spectacle for a man broad enough to take in the whole show in all its bearings, political, moral and economic.

There are the great producing Christian nations of the earth all coming together, each to show the others what it is accomplishing in industry and commerce.

Of course the purpose of each is to advertise its products and thereby increase its trade and commerce.

But the French exhibitor, meeting Mr. ARMOUR in some Chicago hotel, will say: "What's the use of turning out an American hog that has no rival in the known world only to see it shut out of the French market by your cheese-and-chestnut-eating legislators?"

"You're another," will be ARMOUR's quick retort. "What's the use of turning out an American hog that has no rival in the known world only to see it shut out of the French market by your cheese-and-chestnut-eating legislators?"

While ARMOUR and his French adversary are exchanging compliments, a German and a Russian may be engaged in similar haggling.

As the youthful HANNIBAL, before the sacred altar, swore eternal hatred to Rome, so this society of economic entomologists has registered a solemn vow of all the gold and silver produced from American mines.

THE ECONOMIC ENTOMOLOGISTS.

The Anti-Bug men of the country, under the high-sounding name of The Association of Economic Entomologists, just held their first meeting in Washington. They have met and declared war to the death as it were, against all varieties of bugs.

As the youthful HANNIBAL, before the sacred altar, swore eternal hatred to Rome, so this society of economic entomologists has registered a solemn vow of all the gold and silver produced from American mines.

PROSPECTIVE SCENES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The world's fair at Chicago will afford a singular spectacle for a man broad enough to take in the whole show in all its bearings, political, moral and economic.

There are the great producing Christian nations of the earth all coming together, each to show the others what it is accomplishing in industry and commerce.

Of course the purpose of each is to advertise its products and thereby increase its trade and commerce.

But the French exhibitor, meeting Mr. ARMOUR in some Chicago hotel, will say: "What's the use of turning out an American hog that has no rival in the known world only to see it shut out of the French market by your cheese-and-chestnut-eating legislators?"

"You're another," will be ARMOUR's quick retort. "What's the use of turning out an American hog that has no rival in the known world only to see it shut out of the French market by your cheese-and-chestnut-eating legislators?"

While ARMOUR and his French adversary are exchanging compliments, a German and a Russian may be engaged in similar haggling.

As the youthful HANNIBAL, before the sacred altar, swore eternal hatred to Rome, so this society of economic entomologists has registered a solemn vow of all the gold and silver produced from American mines.

THE NATION'S GREAT PROBLEM.

The greatest of governmental problems before the country. That problem is: What shall this great nation, with its rapidly increasing population and production, do for currency in the future?

It will require all the wit and wisdom of QUAY, when among 1204 Republican delegates to the national convention, to get a majority to pass a bill to increase the amount of gold and silver produced from American mines.

THE NEW BURGLARS' TRUST.

It has just been discovered that a gigantic burglars' trust has been organized in New York.

The enterprising burglars of the country have long been aware that their profession is not properly protected. On account of the persistent interference of the police, who have, as they think, inviolably meddled with their business, burglars have found their occupation of late years a very precarious one.

In the case of gold this may be set down as quite impossible. The gold organs may say what they will, but facts are stubborn things and they dare not attempt to show that our silver product can at all satisfy the demand as production, enterprise and commerce increase.

Among the ingenious solutions offered is one advocated by the New York Voice. It is as follows:

Let the Government purchase both gold and silver bullion at the market price, fixing a maximum price on each, beyond which it will refuse to purchase. It will be a full legal tender and redeemable in gold or silver (bullion, not coin), at the option of the holder, at any time within a year.

Such a plan would be a great boon to us.

THE NEW BURGLARS' TRUST.

It has just been discovered that a gigantic

patriotic States. We congratulate her jubilant sons and daughters in this gala week of centennial festivities.

## HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE.

The grave of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE at Concord has been enclosed by a high fence, because the literary vandals have clipped his gravestone into a formless mass, and, it is said, sold the fragments for fabulous prices.

But this high fence will probably not put a stop to the sale of these graveyards of HAWTHORNE. At the time of the centennial, the honest New Hampshire family who owned the birthplace of DANIEL WEBSTER tried to make a little honorable money by selling trinkets made from the old elm that still stands before the ancestral WEBSTER door. These trinkets sold rapidly; but soon a score of opposition sellers invaded the market. Tons and tons of trinkets, made from hundreds of cords of wood, were sold as parts of that inexhaustible Webster elm.

So the fence around HAWTHORNE's grave will probably not stop the sale of the fragments from his gravestone. Such sales will go on by the wholesale, even if the gravestone never grows any smaller.

## HARVEST LESSON FOR THE WORLD.

Often times, and perhaps we may say generally, an idea or a principle is contained in an event or an experience so that it is impressed upon the minds of a whole people as it never could be done abstractly and with unceasing iteration. At any rate, ideas are contained in events, and it is the impending event of a threatened European famine that may yet precipitate the increasing ferment in the minds of the masses in the positive form of revolt, with a view to political reorganization.

The Ohio combatants are comprised in three different camps. Pitted squarely against each other are the regular Republican and Democratic speakers. Flanking both parties are 25 of the ablest speakers that the Farmers' Alliance is able to place in the field, and more are coming. These latter champions are more zealous after McKinley's scalp than the Democratic speakers. Unfortunately, the excess of their zeal, coupled with the extravagance of some of their demands, gives considerable capital to the Republicans.

The Ohio combatants are comprised in three different camps. Pitted squarely against each other are the regular Republican and Democratic speakers. Flanking both parties are 25 of the ablest speakers that the Farmers' Alliance is able to place in the field, and more are coming. These latter champions are more zealous after McKinley's scalp than the Democratic speakers. Unfortunately, the excess of their zeal, coupled with the extravagance of some of their demands, gives considerable capital to the Republicans.

McKINLEY opens his CAMPAIGN.

Major MCKINLEY opened his campaign in Ohio last Saturday, and before the ballot box delivers its verdict every nook and corner of that State will have been hotly canvassed.

II. APPLETION.

BLAINE NOT INDORSED.

The Pennsylvania Republican State convention smashed its committee's platform by striking out the endorsement of BLAINE as candidate for president.

There is evidently serious dissension among Pennsylvania Republicans, and this act of the convention only emphasizes it.

McKINLEY declares that "reciprocity in no way entitles upon the protection of the country." The "Globe" says that ten gallons of water poured into forty gallons of whisky in no way entitles upon the alcoholic principle. Reciprocity is free trade, and that is dead against the protective principle every time.

Mr. BLAINE has demonstrated that he has the nerve to sit out a whole programme of

McKINLEY's platform.

If the President so deeply laments a depreciated dollar how does he excuse his action in lending his signature to the existing coining act? In such a situation he should maintain a becoming silence.

But the comparative strength of BLAINE and HARRISON is not to be judged by the action of this convention.

## EDITORIAL POINTS.

More than fifteen millions of immigrants have landed in this country since 1890. Half a million came last year. This country is like a horse car—always room for a train.

Hoards have been created by the movement of Bennington was a beautiful and scholarly effort. The scholar, when divorced from politics, is always instructive and entertaining.

Major McKinley's speech in the Ohio campaign, that the Republi- can party "will not pause in its march to the West," is the most remarkable speech of the year. It is a speech that will not pause in its march, until the flag of the stars floats from the masthead of innumerable merchant vessels in every sea, a position from which it has been the settled policy of the Republican party to drive to

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

**Collapse of Building in New York and Fifty Lives Lost.**

**Seven Railroads Tied Up by Strikers—Some Peculiar Bear Stories.**

**Brief Summary of Many Notable Events at Home.**

**NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—**At 12.30 o'clock today an explosion occurred in the five-story building occupied by the *Empire* book pl., and in a moment a frightful rumbling noise was heard and the whole front portion of the walls collapsed and fell outward in a pile on the street.

It is believed that about 50 lives were lost in the fatal building by being crushed to death under the debris or burned by the fierce fire that followed the explosion and collapse.

About 60 persons escaped from the building with their lives. All the fire engines in the lower portion of the city were summoned to the scene, the police reserves were called out and the wildest excitement prevailed throughout the city.

Up to 5.30 o'clock this evening only six bodies had been dug out of the ruins.

Only one person was taken out alive, and that was Mary Heagney, a 9-year-old girl, who was found under two feet of debris near the edge of the sidewalk.

Anna was dug out dead, as was 5-year-old Johnny Gibbs, who had been with the little girls.

Ambulances were summoned from several hospitals, and the dead wagon came from the morgue to remove the dead. The work of the searchers for bodies will be kept up all night and all day tomorrow.

The building was occupied by John Ebert & Co., bookbinders, and Estelle Art Designing Co., bookbinders & co., bookbinders. These firms were all upon the upper floors, as was the lithographing and printing establishment of Lieber & Moss.

On the street floors were the drug store of Fripe & Co., and the restaurant of Andrew Peterson. As it was the dinner hour the restaurant was crowded with customers and the kitchen in the basement filled with help.

Louis Rosenfeld & Co., had a metal leaf and bronze factory on the first floor, and A. W. Lindsay a type foundry on the sixth floor.

From some of the upper floors there were many narrow escapes, the occupants when they heard the explosion rushing to the rear fire escapes or escaping into the corner building and thence to the street.

Although the walls of Nos. 63 to 74 collapsed, the building entire, known as the Taylor building, except the portion of No. 72, 73, 74, is the corner of Greenwich st. and some of the manufacturing lots opening from that portion of the building which clapsed into the corner building, remained intact.

As the many streams of water drenched the burning pile of ruins, the flames subsided, and the firemen of the life-saving brigades were able to work.

They could only die for the dead, however.

Edmund Taylor of the 5th precinct, who was passing near the scene of the disaster when the explosion occurred, and the buildings began falling, ran to a hardware store on the corner, took two hand axes, distributed them among bystanders, and, with a hole in the side wall of No. 70 Park pl., through which 17 persons escaped.

They were all bruised and blackened, but none of them fatally injured. Dominick Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

The next moment the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor.

Edmund was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped his way through a hole in the wall and finally got into the basement, and then through Greenwich st. through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement were rescued through the same opening.

At 8.30 o'clock the firemen, the firemen on the two upper floors of 74 and 76 Park pl. said to be a brother of the deceased, Peter, son in the kitchen in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said that he was standing at the time of the explosion.

## FENWICK'S CURE.

"Don't go out tonight, Jerome—stay with me! Oh, Jerome! it is so lonely when we are away!"

The little kitchen had been swept and scoured until every board glistened like moonlight. Jerome, like Fenwick's monthly roes, and scented cinnamon tosoed their delicate blossoms among the red peppers and bunches of penny-royal and camomile on the smoke-browned mantel above the chimney.

Fenwick, our heroine's wife, Ay, but a farmer's wife, is, like Jerome, a good, quiet, and popular member of the popular society—and Rosa was as fit to wear the royal robes as any princess of the blood.

Jerome Fenwick, a tall, stalwart young fellow of some seven or eight and twenty, bit his lip, as Rosa kept on urging:

"Stay with me this evening—only this once!"

"Rosa, Rosa; how ridiculous you are! A man can't stay at home forever."

"But you were out last night and the night before."

"Well, what then? Now, my love, don't you see how very absurd it is to expect me to always dance at your apron strings! I tell you I'm only going down to the Columbian to look at the papers and talk to the editor."

"To the Columbian!" echoed Aunt Tryphosa Fenwick, suddenly appearing out of the subterranean depths of a trap-door, very much a laugh upon the stage, only that she bore a pan of glossy red apples in one hand and brandished a formidable knife in the other. "Ah—ah! you're going to the Columbian, be ye Jerome Fenwick!"

The young man, a species of sullen defiance, was not more than a foot or two from the German kaiser when he said:

"And I'm posse you're comin' back stupider nor a fool, as you come last night—or perhaps you're comin' with Peter Striker at your head and Sam Garner at your heels, as you come last week; pretty don't these, for a feller that hasn't been married a year yet?"

Jerome Fenwick's brow flushed an angry crimson.

"I shall do precisely as I please, Aunt Tryphosa. Where's my hat?"

"Tain't for myself I'm a-speakin'!" went on the wrathful old lady, suspending her knife in mid air, "though you be my brother's son? It's Rosa!"

He went out, giving the unconscious doo a sharp kick in the fresh torrent of tears to Rosa's eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Tryphosa," she sobbed, hiding her flushed face among the apples in the good spinster's lap, "what shall we do? He is being ruined—and I—I have no power to hold him back."

"Save him right! an obstinate fool!" muttered the irate old lady. Yet even when words were on her lips the bony fingers caressed Rosa's hair with strangely living touch.

"For your sake, Rosa! I'm vexed, for your sake, my pretty one!"

"If I had but known—yet he was no different from us all we used to take those twilight walks, the days before we were married. My husband a drunkard! On, Aunt Tryphosa, I would sooner weep with my grave!"

"Don't talk, so pet," murmured Aunt Tryphosa, taking off her dim spectacles. "Rosa—"

"Hush!" ejaculated Rose, springing to her feet. "I hear the gate click! Aunt Tryphosa, your thoughts better of it! He has come back!"

"Hello!" exclaimed Charley Warner. "Why, you thought you were so happy, Rosa. Are—"

"He—isn't at home," sobbed out Rosa.

"Oh, Charley, I am very, very miserables!"

"The lieutenant, sitting down in front of the blazing chestnut logs, and drawing Rosa upon his knee, "now, puss, tell me what you are doing?"

"I feel very much like giving my unknown brother-in-law a thrashing before I know anything of the merits of the case."

"Well—I reckon it's about time for me to be moving," said Jerome.

"Because you see?" soliloquized Jerome, aloud. "I'm a married man—and—and I owe it to society! I can't be drunk because—"

He caught at the arm of his chair as if to seemed to give a sudden lurch ceilingward.

In the same instant a sudden electric thrill seemed to send the hot blood back to his brain beyond his control. His voice and in what words!

"I'll pass Bradley," he says, "I would catch dev'ns of her summat, but I'll pass him, if he may be as hard on it in his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

"My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to see him, company, I'm tired of staying at home, and I've got to make a regular practice of getting drunk, why he may as well be in it with his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"The other glass, landlord," ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of Jerome!"

</



## HOWARD'S LETTER.

## Hereditary Management of Some New York Papers.

## The Industrious Young Men Still Find There's Room at the Top.

## Lessons and Reminiscences of Metropolitan Journalism.

The laying of the corner-stone by a young son of Col. Shepard of a magnificent structure to be used for a newspaper, the Mail and Express, reveals the fact that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

I have never heard of Whitelaw Reid's feelings in this respect. Albert Pulitzer of the Morning Journal is a young man of great promise, rather than by preference. The Staats Zeitung long since passed from the hands of the original proprietor, as night editor, Mr. Brock being a very young man, of very great promise and of unusual performance. So you see there is some ground for my taking as a subject tonight, "Young Men in Journalism."

Journalism long since evolved from a trade into a profession, and I notice that sundry men, prominent in that profession, have succeeded in their sons, not only in the proprietorship, but in the literary conduct and management of the newspaper themselves.

You ask for illustrations.

**The Woods are Full of Them.**  
James Gordon Bennett, the elder, was more pleased and gratified when unto him a child was born, and that a son, than with any other triumph of his life, mental, moral, physical, financial, professional.

He had announced his marriage in the columns of the Herald, the characteristic paper at which the baby boy was born, loud peals were sounded, metaphorical bells were rung, and salutes that belted the journalistic world were fired.

Men who knew him say that his aim, end and ambition was to leave the Herald a lasting property that in the hands of his son and heir it might become a great force and a magnitude.

How gratifying was his disappointment. His daughter, graceful, educated, charming women were not the desiderata of his heart.

He wanted a son and heir.

What that great man, "I do not wear my heart upon my sleeve, and shrink from the obtrusion of matters personal upon an intimate scale," said of his son, Arthur Young, whose nickname was Pickle, continuing he writes:

"I looked in vain through Italian galleries two years after he was taken from us for any full parallel to his dazzling beauty, a beauty not physical merely, but positively radiating from the soul.

"His hair was of the finest and richest gold, the sunshine of picture

**Never Glorified Its Color**  
and the delicacy of his complexion at once fixed the attention of observers like the late N. P. Willis, who had traversed both hemispheres with having his gaze arrested by any child who could bear a comparison with this one."

Then he goes on to give anecdotes of the boy's brightness, adding: "We had reason to hope that the light of our eyes would be spared to gladden our remaining years."

Concerning his other son, Raphael Ulland, he speaks in terms of parental love and the enthusiasm which characterized his portrait of his first son, and hoped for his.

Henry J. Raymond had the same feeling.

And it is quite within bounds to believe that had he lived his son Henry, now secretary to Benjamin W. Tracy, would have continued the service of the Times, instead of which, at his father's death, he was given to the editor of the Evening Post, and thence drifted to Pennsylvania, where George W. Childs purchased for the son of his old friend, a country newspaper.

This feeling was very strong in the late George Jones.

His son and chief heir, Gilbert, occupies today in the office of the Times, the same position as his father, and for many years he was closely associated with his father, it is fair to assume a continuity of similar management will follow.

**The Manipulations of Stock**  
Any, yes, I am telling this story, and will gradually lead to the point showing how this sonship and heirship enter into

the manipulation of stocks.

It is now of admiration all right, but if it is born of observation of sensible age, falling mentality and underlying physique, there is no more entitled to veneration than the man in the moon.

His eye is as bright, his figure as erect, his walk as brisk, his general bearing as alert today as it was in 1868 when he put his hand upon the helm of the Sun, yet, further back than that, as it was in 1861 when he was a boy of 14, and the editor of the Times and was encouraged by Mr. Dana in behalf of the Tribune to ascertain the whereabouts of the 7th Regiment, then lost somewhere between Havre de Grace and the national capital.

And indeed I do not know but I can go further back than that, to the campaign of 1856, which resulted in the unfair election of James Buchanan, and the editor of the Times, as against John C. Fremont, first candidate of the now-born Republican party.

The editor of the Evening Sun, Arthur Brisbane, is another young man, whom I admire, and who is born of the same stock, more independent than as an editor, in the latter capacity he is cramped, in the former he has full swing for the unfolding of bright ideas and the picturing of brilliant panoramas.

The Daily News is owned very largely by the oldest man in journalism, or certainly one of the oldest, Benjamin Wood, who died in 1870, and his son, a young man, as well as his son, John C. Fremont, first candidate of the now-born Republican party.

The boys of Brooklyn had organized themselves into Republican and Democratic clubs, not that they could vote, but they could yell and burn bonfires and swing torches and wear wide-awake hats and protective caps as well as their daddies and grandfathers.

Before the Young Men's Republican Association John C. Fremont, Nathaniel P. Banks, Charles A. Dana, Henry J. Raymond, John H. Raymond and other men of national repute made speeches.

On the evening of Mr. Dana's appearance

**We Spoke to the Audience**  
for an hour in English, and for another hour in German, and I was told by that eminent scholar, Dr. Thomas J. Conant, subsequent translator of the Bible for the Christian Union, father of my old friend, Stillman S. Conant, managing editor of the Times, that Mr. Dana's pronunciation was as perfect as his.

Now Mr. Dana is surprised by many to be an iceberg, relentless as an Indian, utterly impervious, selfish, calculating.

An experience of many years warrants my assertion that he is the very embodiment, personification of human kindness, generous to a fault, magnanimous, always ready to acknowledge an error, persistent in his determination, however, to get the better in fight.

And why not?

Judge of a man by the jury of the vicinage.

Go into the office of the New York Sun and ask the verdict?

Dana has a son, Paul Dana, a Harvard graduate, a quick-witted young man like his father, he is tall, slender, and his face in which the nose is prominent, and the intellectual superior to the physical. He talks like his father, he has intuitions like his father, and when the senior goes, as he does yearly, for a vacation across the water, that great institution, profitable among the profitables, forceful among the forces, is left in his charge.

That Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's idea is to have the biggest newspaper in the biggest city,

in the biggest quarters would seem to be apparent. Yet, after all, the

**One Touch of Nature**

was made prominent, indeed pre-eminent, when the corner-stone of the new building, made possible by Pulitzer's force and Turner's genius, was to be laid, that duty was not performed by Pulitzer himself, nor by his son, either. That is the case of the men, not even by the chief of his editorial council, Mr. Merrill, his trusted friend and companion, but by his young son, a lad of tender years, whose education, tastes, habits, inclinations, are all made to trend toward the journalistic pathway.

Following this comes Col. Shepard, who introduced to us an astute, magnificently educated man, in the course of the intelligence and cleanliness of the Mail and Express, a young lad to whom he confided the honor of laying the corner-stone of an edifice which bids fair to rank among the foremost in this city of magnificent structures.

Now this is rather a remarkable story. The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Within the week James Gordon Bennett has taken a new departure by writing at the head of his editorial columns, underneath his own name as proprietor, of William C. Tracy, and John C. Fremont, as night editor. Mr. Brock being a very young man, of very great promise and of unusual performance. So you see there is some ground for my taking as a subject tonight, "Young Men in Journalism."

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.

The herald is in the hands of a son, so is the newspaper, the Sun, to a certain extent, and will be absolutely in the hands of that young Pulitzer, a son of the one and only Joseph Pulitzer, performed some time since a similar function at the dedication by Bishop Potter and other high livers of the new quarter now occupied by the World. The appearance of these little boys in the newspaper field suggested as a text, "Our young men in journalism," oddly enough, for columnists are always odd, and the man who has not brash enough to appear that is older yet.

Now this is a remarkable story.